

Senator Bruton.

The Missouri Senator concludes his famous speech on Oregon in the following decisive language:

I have performed a painful duty. I waited long before I could undertake it. To make head against a mass of error—to set a nation right that had been led astray—was a herculean task, but I have ventured upon it, and do not regret it. The people may be led astray, but they do not love error. They love truth and justice; and if there is no fit 40, as there is not, they do not want to fight for it. If they do not want to do it, the British will do it, and they do not want to take it away from her. The people are just, and ready to act on Jackson's great maxim: *Ask nothing but what is right; submit to nothing that is wrong.*

The people have nothing but their country to take care of; and they want nothing but right and justice. Politicians have themselves to take care of, and country and people are subordinate considerations.

—Was ever the like seen of that?—we who witnessed it! A people led to the verge of war, and unprepared for it, and their commanders ever ready to retreat, which was supposed to establish it! A river of a thousand miles in length, covered with settlers for forty years upon it, without knowing such a river was there! And when the treaty and the river was produced, and the mistake shewn, instead of confession and repentance, resentment and attack upon him who exposes the error, and saves the country from senseless, ignorant, unfeeling soldiers. The miscreants may act thus: not so the people. They will rejoice at their deliverance from delusion; they will rejoice to think they have been led to the verge of war upon the strength of a party, and I am ready to abide their judgment upon my correction of this mistake, and that perseverance in them after they were exposed. This day has been the most humiliating of my senatorial life. I have felt for the American Senate when I have seen a member clinging to error, and endeavoring to keep the people in error, even at the risk of war, by endeavoring to do away the plain words of a treaty; by garbling and mutilating scopes of specimens to deprecate another Senator who, when the question was the one of the cause of the war, was the author of a speech in which every selfish feeling should have stood abashed and rebuked.

After our troops had crossed, Adjutant-General Blodget advanced towards the main fort in front of the town, and sounded a peal. The principal Adm. made his appearance, and a formal demand was made for the surrender of the town, with a demand that the fort should be given up.

—The Alcade wished to know if the public buildings were to be freed from the British, and that was a question belonging to the Government, and must be given up. The Alcade then said General Taylor could possess possession as soon as he thought proper, and that he would meet with no resistance. This was done, our army encamping in front of the town.

What could be more happy than this! As our troops approached the town, they were greeted, it is said, by the loud buzzes of the citizens. The Mexican flag was hauled down, giving place to the star-spangled banner, which in a moment glistened with wings and was kissed by the sun. The British claim to Frisco's river is precisely the same with our to the Columbia. And I say to them that, whatever says the courtesy of this, will be henceforth a wilful deliever. I make great allowances for ignorance—for the mistakes of ignorance—but ignorance ought to be docile, and submit on conviction.

I make a loud distinction between the wilful and the ignorant, deceivers, and a broader one still between the deceivers and the deceived. The former are generally few, the latter many—the former are more or less culpable, the latter are innocent. Of course, the ignorants who have been engrossed the error of the 51st 40 min., all but a few were the innocent repeaters of what came to them in a way that they could not doubt it. All these will rejoice to be released from their error.

Instead of getting angry with me, they will thank me for the trouble I take to set them right. They were nothing but truth and justice, and I trust God that I have the courage to give it to them, regardless of all earthly consequences. I am right. I speak to save my country from the calamities of a war upon mistakes and blunders. I rely upon the equity and intelligence of the people, and give defiance to ignorance, malice, and misrepresentation.

Letter from Vera Cruz.

The large Louisiana arrived at New Orleans on the 4th inst., from Vera Cruz, which port she left on the 23d, having been supplied with the brig Eliza, Michael, and packet brig Petersburg. No American vessel remained in port at the time of the departure of the Louisiana.

The U. S. ship Raritan, and steamer Mississippi were at anchor off Isle Verde, and the ship Franklin off the port, engaged in maintaining the blockade.

The blockade of Vera Cruz commenced on the 20th. Fifteen days were allowed to all neutral vessels to port and to depart. The British mail packet will enter and leave as heretofore, and will be permitted to take species only. The day the Louisiana sailed information reached Vera Cruz that Mazauro and Tugue had proclamed in favor of the independence of the steamer Mississippi. It was reported that President Paredes intended leaving Mexico with troops to reinforce the army at the North.

By an order from the Government the American Consul at Vera Cruz was commanded to close his office and to leave, with all the Americans, in eight days from the date of the order, which was issued on the 18th. The Consul had concluded to remain in the city of Vera Cruz, the steamer Mississippi, the Louisiana, as well as the other American vessels above mentioned, were to leave Vera Cruz in the greatest hurry, for fear they would be seized by the Government. Great animosity exists against the Americans, particularly since the defeat of the Mexicans near Matamoros is known.

Papers by this arrival are only two days later from the city of Mexico, and contain little worthy of republication. The journals are filled with the gossips of Ampudias and other Mexican Generals. They heat of Taylor's arrival has been somewhat cooled since his appearance, but their vapors, their vapor vapors, in the dianal of the country.

The following, about 8 o'clock, it commenced blowing a heavy gale, which increased by 11 o'clock to a perfect hurricane, causing the vessel to drag her anchors and drift from seventy to one hundred yards from the Point.

—I am glad to be able to say that our sick and wounded are doing well. Captain McIntosh and Payne, and Captain Page and Hoe, are doing very well, and bear their wounds with great fortitude. Yours, in great haste, T.

Letter from the South.

Louisville, Thursday, June 11, 10, A. M.

Missouri. Editors.—I forward you the news brought by the J. M. White to the Cairo and sent by Capt. to the Journal. The White left New Orleans on the 4th inst. The steamship Alabama arrived at N. O. on the 3d, having sailed from Point Isabel on the 1st inst. The Alabama arrived at the Brazos on the 28th, with Col. Hale Peyton and his regiment.

In the evening about 8 o'clock, it commenced blowing a heavy gale, which increased by 11 o'clock to a perfect hurricane, causing the vessel to drag her anchors and drift from seventy to one hundred yards from the Point. The gale made sad havoc among the tents at the Point. The latter will be lost without much damage. It was thought that the pilot boat H. H. Hitchcock was lost in the gale. The gale made sad havoc among the tents at the Point.

Nothing new had been received from Matamoros when the Alabama left. The volunteers had all been ordered to march for Matamoros by way of Buritis and were all anxious to engage the enemy.

Capt. Kirby and Lieuts. Gates and McCay, of the 5th infantry, and Lieuts. Luther, of the 5th artillery, and Stephens, of the 5th infantry, who were wounded in the actions of the 8th and 9th, came passengers in the Alabama.

Captain Page, with a squad of dragoons, pursued the retreating Mexicans some sixty miles west of Matamoros, so quick was their march that they could not even come up with their rear guard. He is satisfied that the Mexican force at that point at the present time, is not more than four thousand men. Every thing goes along as usual, and the steamer Mississippi, which I understand is bound for the coast of South America, has been carrying on a disastrous war against the Government. It was reported that President Paredes intended leaving Mexico with troops to reinforce the army at the North.

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Mexican Names and Localities.

A gentleman who has resided many years in Mexico and is familiar with its language, sends us the following information:

Through all the political changes which Mexico has undergone El Rio has its Nueces (the river of nests—Nest river) has ever formed the Western boundary of Texas. The territory lying between the river and the Rio Grande, which is the boundary between the United States and Mexico, is the state of Coahuila, and the Rio Grande is the boundary between the United States and Mexico.

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The

POETRY.

For the True American.
Cambridge, May 16th, 1846.

SIR.—If the following lines, suggested by the recent death of *Torrey*, appear to you worthy of the columns of the "True American," they are at your disposal.

Yours, for the good cause,
C. M. CLAY, Esq.

F.
"Tis spring, and flowers, their earthly prison breaking,
Where icy winter long has kept them bound,
In the free air to glorious life awaking,
Spreading beauty and sweet fragrance round;
Bursting their bonds, the murmuring streams
Wesom with sparkling smiles the sun's revising
beam—
While 'mid the trees, that seemed in winter day,
With naked outstretched arms for summer's breeze
To pray,
Cluster green leaves, kind Nature's richest dress,
And birds in sweetest song their happiness express.

Fit time for him to die, his prison breaking,
Where laws of man, not God, have kept him bound,
Through death of shame, to better life awaking—

From man's contempt, to be by angels awaking—

Bursting his bonds, the impatient soul

Entwined springs to gain its destined goal;

No more condemned, where crime its guilt atones,
Now furious rage, now remorseful tears,

The mercy man denied of Heaven to pray,

A warning stern to those who try law's abuse.

"Yet he was rash," will say the world feeling,

"And zeal misguided led him step astray."

Do not your hearts to pity's dictates steering,
And calling for the hand of Heaven to stay?

Now consider that the streams of feeling rise,

That in his heart's great reservoir should flow,

That filled, and overflowing, gathering force,

E'en prudence yielded to their onward course,

Blaze not too much, by heartless custom led,

Where not the heart's in error, but the head,

Misled, and when that fatal option

Thus urged him on to break your human laws,

Oh, when so too have need of intervention,

May Heaven in greater mercy judge your cause!

Though from the ground your brother's murder calls,

And hovering vengeance seems about to fall—

Still may you find, to avert, a pining heaven,

And meet the mercy man have never given—

"Father, forgive! they know not what they do."

Hairy Talk.

The editor of the New York Gazette says: It did our heart good to hear a young and happy mother sing to her darling pet after the following manner:—

Where is the baby?—Boss its heart—
Where is muzer's darling boy?
Does it hold its little hands apart,
The dearest, dearest boy?

And so it does; and with its little chin
Grows fast as fast as butter!

And will it poke its little fingers in
Its punning little mouth, and mutter
Nice witty words, and mutter

Just like little yaller birds?

And will it walk; and so it may?

Now, muzer, it is you, mymmy say,

And does it walk in its eyres,

When its mad, and ups and creases?
And does it squall like chick-a-dees?

Al every thing it sees?

Well it does? why not, I pray?

And it nozzer's darlin' every day!

Oh! what's the mater? oh! oh! oh!

What makes my sweetest chick'ky?

Oh nasty, ugly, run, to prick it—

It darlin' muzer's darlin' critter!

There! there! she's thrown it in

The fire—the kuel, ickin' pin!

There! hush, my honey: do to sleep

Rocked in a kalle of: do to sleep

SELECTIONS.

A Poetized Despatch.

M. Felek, the Dutch Minister, having made a one-sided proposition for the admission of English ships, by which a considerable advantage would have accrued to Holland, a long and tedious negotiation ensued. It was dragged on, month after month, without arriving one step nearer to a consummation, the Dutch still holding out for their own interests. At last Mr. Canning's patience was exhausted. Sir Charles Bagot, our ambassador at the Hague, was one day attending at Court, when a despatch in cipher was hastily put into his hand. It was very short, and evidently very urgent; but, unfortunately, Sir Charles, not expecting such a communication, had not the key of the cipher with him. An interval of intense anxiety followed, until he obtained the key, when, to his infinite astonishment, he deciphered the following despatch from the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs:

"In matters of commerce, the fault of the Dutch is giving too little, and asking too much; with equal advantage the French are content, and will open Dutch bottoms a twenty per cent., Twenty per cent. Twenty per cent."

Nous frapperons Fauk with twenty per cent.

GRANGE CANNING."

The Minister kept his word. While this singular despatch was on its way to the Hague, an order in council was issued to put into effect the intention it announced—Bell's *Life of Canning*.

Early Hester Stanhope.

All who have perused the memoirs of this remarkable individual will be glad to learn that three new volumes have just been published, comprising the narrative of her travels. The work is intended—says the prospectus—to complete the "Memoirs" of Lady Hester Stanhope. As the "Memoirs" embraced a period of about fifteen years, in which were traced the causes which led to the "decline and fall" of her ladyship's somewhat visionary empire in the East, the "Travels" take up her history from the time she quitted England, and by a faithful narrative of her extraordinary adventures, show the rise and growth of her Oriental greatness. A distance may at once be drawn between this and all other books of travels in the East,—for it boasts of a heroine who marches at the head of Arab tribes through the Syrian Desert—who calls governors of cities to her aid, while she excavates the earth in search of hidden treasures—who sends generals with their troops, to carry fire and sword into the fearful passes of a mountainous country, to avenge the death of a murdered traveller—and who then goes, defenceless and unprotected, to sit down a sojourner in the midst of them.

Curran and George IV.

The following anecdote was related by George IV. to Mathews:—"Yes, strange to say, Mr. Mathews, I never saw Curran but once, when he dined with me at Carlton House. I had assembled a party I thought likely to set him at his ease, and draw him out. It was composed chiefly of men of eminence in his own profession. For some time nothing occurred that could give me any estimate of his intellectual *calibre*; but the very highest sense of his tact, taste, and intuitive good manners. On his introduction, and for some time after, I saw nothing but a man-looking, ill-favoured little person, very taciturn withal. After dinner, in the hope of eliciting something characteristic from him, I proposed the "health of the bar." Infinitely to my chagrin, up rose Lord Erskine, who, after a long, verbose, and rather pompous speech, wound up with some such conclusion as the following—"that, though descended from a line of illustrious ancestors, he had reason to be proud of the profession of the law, which had raised him, an unworthy member of it, to the peerage." Determined not to be altogether baffled in my aim, I then proposed the health of the Irish bar. Here I

had my man. Up he got; and certainly made a most refined and exquisite speech. I was particularly struck with the contrast evinced between Erskine and Curran in the termination of their respective speeches. "The noble lord," said Curran, "in speaking of the high lineage from which he has had the good fortune to be derived, has added that, *prudus* as he is of his ancestry, he is not less so of his calling, which has been the means of elevating him to the peerage. If such be the noble lord's feelings, judge, sir, what must be mine at this moment towards a profession which has raised the son of a peasant to the table of his prince."—*Bentley's Miscellany*.

Anecdote of Tom Moore.

When Mr. Moore's celebrity was in its first glow, he received a flattering invitation to dine with the Prince of Wales. His royal host was delighted with him, and after dinner fell into familiar chat, directing the greatest portion of his remarks exclusively to him, and extolling the most gracious interest in all that concerned his guest. Amongst other points, the Prince, assuming that his illustrious visitor must be of high descent, questioned him respecting the particular family to which he belonged, naming in turn several ancient houses in Ireland, begging to know whether he was allied to one of them. To each of these inquiries the poet at first simply replied in the negative. The Prince, whose strong prepossession that "gentle blood" flowed in his accomplished visiter's veins, made him in effect less polite than he was wont to be, reiterating his question, turning from one point to another, in the hope of hitting his mark, thus creating unintentionally the curiosity of all present towards the questioned party; at once it occurred to his royal highness that his guest must, as he told him, be the son of a certain Mr. Moore—a man of large fortune and distinguished birth—. Thus pressed the poet put an end to his royal host's persevering inquiry, and with admiring and magnanimous simplicity replied to the last suggestion—"No, sir, I have not the honor of being descended from any of the distinguished families you have named; I am, sir, the son of one of the homiest tradesmen in all Dublin."—*Bentley's Miscellany*.

A True Bill.

The world-beat is a perpetual plague to editors of newspapers and periodicals. He inundates them with verses; requests their impartial opinion on the merits of his productions, giving them, very liberally, at the same time, full permission to insert it in their paper; and on his refusal, he regrets the editor's want of discrimination in failing to appreciate the beauties of his poem, and draws invidious comparisons between his own compositions and the—in his opinion—insoluble trash which disgraces the columns of the paper, and which is inserted by the partiality of the editor, in preference to his own. From that time forth he is at war with that particular paper; he tries to persuade all his friends to discontinue subscribing to it; wonders how they can read such rubbish; and, in short, does all he can to ruin the editor for his kindness in endeavoring to save him from ridicule by pointing out the worldliness of his verses. But no argument, however strong, could convince him that he is no poet. He feels that he has that within him, which, if fully developed, would eclipse Milton, and throw Dryden, Cowper, and all the smaller fry, completely in the shade; and so completely is he wound up in this idea, that he spares neither trouble nor trouble to accomplish his daily object, and already sees—imagination—the time when his name shall be lauded as a bright star in the heaven of literature.—*Family Herald*.

Saleable Civilities.

Every day life supplies us with abundant instances—they must occur to every one of the venal light in which all little good offices are regarded in England. A horse has broken his bridle, and galloped a few yards down the street, and is brought back on unwilling captive by some adventurous person; if a memorandum is dropped, and some lucky boy has picked it up, and restored it to its rightful owner; if, in a blustering day, the wind will take your hat off, and it scampers down some hilly street, and is caught by some fleet-legged errand boy, who has participated with some half-dozen others in the fun of the capture; if your handkerchief hangs from your pocket, and some extra-honest passer-by informs you of the circumstance, with a touch of his hat, intimating that your honor might have lost it; if you sprain your ankle, or fall over a shod of orange peel, or are knocked down by some runaway horse, and are assisted by some human members of the surrounding mob into a neighboring surgery; if, in short, in any of the thousand misfortunes which are daily apportioned to us, an inferior renders assistance to, or does some little office for, his superior, a debt is incurred; it is a case account; creditor and debtor are the synonyms for obligee and obligor; humanity, good-nature, nay, the first elements of the Christian duty of man to man, are obliterated from the minds of both parties, and the obligation can only be discharged by treating it as so much merchandise, and paying for it. It would be far from difficult to construct a scale of metropolitan civilities, and to affix the orthodox price to each of the minor kindnesses: thus—Holding a horse for a few minutes, two-pence; if with extra politeness, four-pence.—Directions in topography, or street-seeking, two-pence; with personal attendance, three-pence.—Picking up a handkerchief, one penny to boys, two-pence to men.—Shutting a cab-door, to the waterman one penny; where does your honor want to go? two-pence.—Assistance in case of accident, varies from sixpence to a shilling;—and so on. He who would be so foolish as to refuse these regular demands, while his bravery might be extolled, would incur the odium of every bystander, and might think himself fortunate if he escaped the open execration of the disappointed benefactor. Such a state of things is very disgraceful in an age calling itself an era of refinement, and tiring up its nose at all the Doctor adopted as a point of faith, and I am rather accustomed to this sort of thing. I have so many idle young nephews and pretty baggage of nieces—oh, sir, and ladies, and cheerers!—who will get married whether anybody pleases or no,—[a voice, "Quite right," and cheerers!—that the only consolation I have on these occasions is to propose prosperity to the young married couple, "Thunders of applause." I have never been caught in the matrimonial way myself—which I regret!—hear, hear, from the female sex!—[hear, hear, from the gentlemen!—But really I do think if we were fifty or a year or younger, or Miss Emily Plumb—[cheers!—fifty years or so older, [loud yelps of disapprobation.] Ah, well, I see you don't like that. I am sorry, however, to state my belief that she is likely to be older before I become younger.

a profound and abiding peacefulness of soul. Too often the thoughtful indifference of the countenance is but a veil for the silent disquietude which we struggle with in the depths of our souls, unwilling to ask the sympathy, even of those we love, and dreading to syllable our guilty agonies in prayer.

The Wedding Breakfast.

BY ANGUS B. REACH.

Men and women are born, and marry, and die. "Tis the beginning, the middle, and the end, of our earthly being. True, some folks there be who pass from one extremity to another, managing to skip the middle; but to the mass, amongst whom there is marriage and giving in marriage, what day is there more important—more fraught with deep feelings and longing hopes—than that which sees them, as it were, pass the half-way hopes of life? than that on which bridal-bells sound a medium tone between the joyous chime which welcomed the first-born to the world, and the knell which shall herald his departure.

Bridal-bells! The very phrase comes with a silvery ring on the ear—a melodious overture to the life-long opera on which the curtain is about to rise.

"The done—Emily, or Mary, or Lucy. The priest's voice is still ringing in your ears. They were so solemn accents those, which have, as it were, changed your very being as your name. For better or worse, for richer or poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish till death do you part." You are no longer your own, fair girl. The nearest ties are slackened, for you are bound by one which presses still closer. The old home is no longer for you. Another waits you. Even between the holy relationship of father and mother, brother and sister, a being rises dearer than all. You have turned the greatest corner of your life; a new road lies before you—new sympathies, new feelings, new thoughts, new emotions, new duties. You feel this. In the field of battle, Nature was his book.

I cannot see the wit of walking and talking at the same time. When I am in the country, I wish to vegetate like the country. I am not for criticising hedge-rows and black cattle. I go out of town in order to forget the town and all that is in it. There are those who for this purpose go to watering-places, and carry the metropolis with them. I like more elbow room and fewer incumbrances. I like solitude, when I give myself up to it, for the sake of solitude; nor do I ask for

"A friend in my retreat,

Whom I may whisper solitude is sweet."

The soul of a journey is liberty—perfect liberty to think, feel, do just as one pleases. We go a journey to be free of all impediments and of all inconveniences—to leave ourselves behind, much more to get rid of others. It is because I want a little breathing-space to muse on important matters, when I absent myself from the world, that I absent myself from the town for a while, without feeling at a loss the moment I am left by myself. Instead of a friend in a post-chaise or in a tulip, to exchange good things with, and vary the same stale topics over again, for once let me have a turn with impunity. Give me the clear blue sky over my head, and the green beneath my feet, a winding road before me, and a three hours' march to the next town. I cannot start some game on these loan heads. I laugh, I run, I leap, I sing for joy. From the point of yonder rolling cloud, I plunge into my past being, and revel there, as the sun-burnt Indian plunges headlong into the wave that wafts him to his native shore. Then long-forgotten things, like

"Sunken week and sunless treasures,"

burst upon my eager sight; and I begin to feel, think, and be myself again. Instead of an awkward silence, broken by attempts to make themselves like iron, conformably to the poles of a magnet, those which arrange themselves at right angles, diamagnetic. Among the former are iron, nickel, cobalt, manganese, chromium, cerium, titanium, palladium, platinum, phosphorus, antimony, zinc, lead, tin, flint, glass, mercury, water, gold, alcohol, ether, arsenic. Fluids, it will be seen, exhibit one of these properties, but gases are indifferent. By combining a magnetic and diamagnetic in the proper portion, a compound is formed in which these properties are exactly balanced. It is well known that iron filings sprinkled over the poles of a magnet assume certain curves of fixed arrangement. Faraday states that filings of bismuth scattered over the surface of a magnet, will set up a current of electricity, and that the iron filings will move in the direction of the current.

"I am left better than I keep."

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